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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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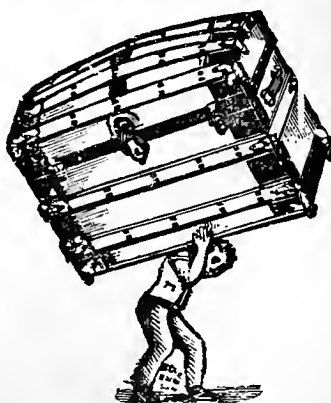
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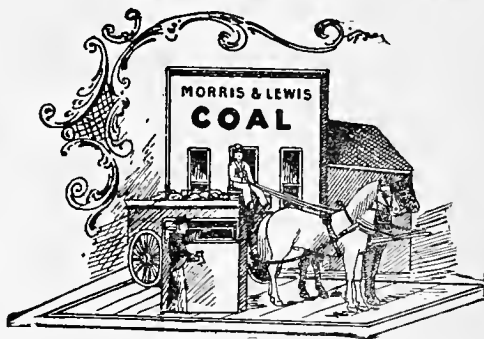


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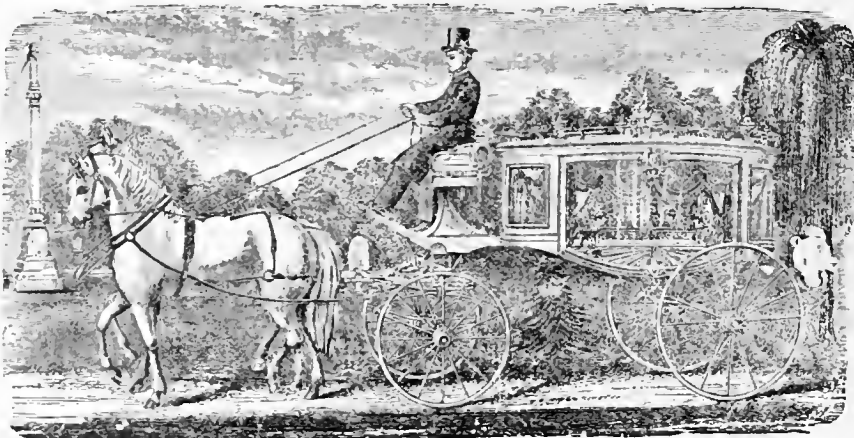
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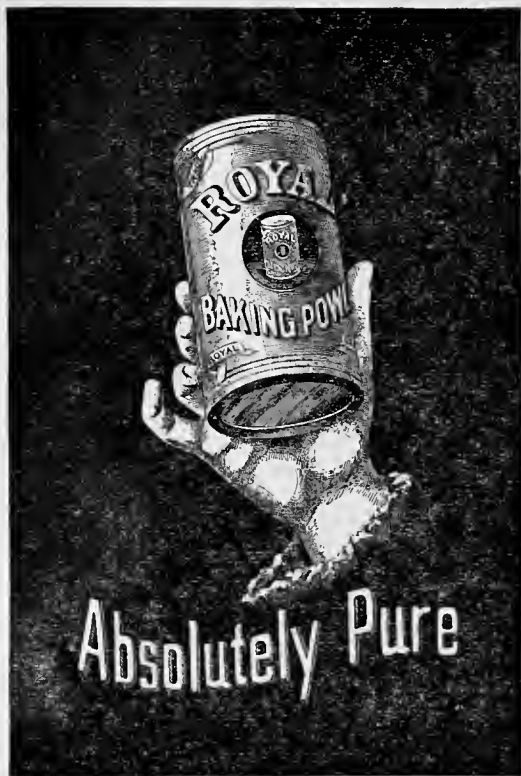
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- Do you feel miserable?
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- Do your hands and feet swell?
- Is this noticed more at night?
- Is there pain in small of back?
- Has the perspiration a bad odor?
- Is there puffiness under the eyes?
- Do you have to get up often at night?
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VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

No. 3

EGYPT.

WHAT a train of thoughts passes through the mind when this country's name is mentioned! Thoughts of ancient

and her seductive beauty; of the magnificent libraries, and wealth, of learning at Alexandria, and of the massive architecture which still remains, a mon-



WATER CARRIERS, EGYPT.

grandeur, pomp and power; of cruelty, superstition and idolatry. One thinks of the suffering and bondage of the Israelites; of the Pharaohs' treachery and oppression; of the queen Cleopatra

ument of the great genius of the people.

Egypt has been one of the greatest nations on earth; certainly no nation can boast of history extending over a longer period of time.

The Egyptians were at one time the most highly civilized people on earth, and held great political power, but this was lost at the time of Alexander the Great, and has never been regained.

Prior to their decline the greatest luxury existed among them. They possessed abundant wealth, and many secrets of science and art, by which they were able to put it to the best possible use for their personal comfort and pleasure. All other nations at the time of the early civilization of Egypt were little more than barbarians. We are able to obtain an idea of the luxuriant living of the kings from the Bible, and from profane history we learn even more of it. Here we read of Cleopatra in her wanton extravagance dissolving pearls in wine to make her feast the more costly. In imagination we see this charming woman, and her dusky maidens in attendance, reigning queen over such a feast, and Antony forgetting friends, country and honor for her sake. Marc Antony was not the only stout warrior who lost his heart because of the dreamy eyes of this Egyptian queen. Even Cæsar, before this time, became infatuated with her.

The Egyptian women, with their black eyes and olive skins, are very beautiful. They possess a peculiar charm and fascination which draws one to them almost in spite of oneself. They are at their best between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Then their forms are almost perfect, and their faces beautiful; but they age rapidly, and soon become very plain. They almost invariably have beautiful eyes, of which they are exceedingly vain.

The clothing worn by all classes is adapted to the climate, consisting of as few articles as possible, usually nothing more than loose trousers and a shirt for

the men, and a divided skirt, a vest, and an embroidered jacket for the women.

There are very few bachelors in Egypt, as it is considered very much out of place for young men to go beyond a certain age without being wed. A Moslem is permitted by law to have four wives, but he does not always avail himself of the privilege.

The people are very fond of bathing, and much of their time is spent at the numerous public baths. They do not practice the arts and sciences at present as they did in former times. The country will perhaps never regain its former greatness. The modern inhabitants of Egypt would not attempt to erect such magnificent structures as the Pyramids which the ancients built, and which still stand to proclaim from generation to generation the industry, taste and skill of the ancient people.

There are many myths and legends about the country, for the people were ever a superstitious race. Their worship of the sun, the ibis, Nile River, and crocodiles is a well-known fact to students of history. In each town was at least one temple built in honor of the special deity of that place. The preserving of their dead bodies is supposed to have been a religious ceremony. The embalming was done by the very lowest order of priests, and the one who removed the internal organs and injected the drugs into the body, although hired to do so, was severely punished, as it was considered a great offense to wound a corpse.

In 1799 a wonderful discovery was made by M. Boussard. He found a large black slab of basalt, upon which was a decree written in three languages—the hieroglyphic, demotic or enchorial, and the Greek. By this means men

have been able to learn much of the country and people which would, perhaps, have never been brought to light without it.

Egypt is sometimes called the "Black Land" on account of the rich, black soil deposited by the Nile in its overflow. It is not strange that an idolatrous and superstitious people like the ancient Egyptians should have worshiped such a wonderful, life-promoting power as this river. Except where the soil is enriched by its inundations, the country is a barren desert, sandy, dry and unproductive. The river, in its mighty power, sweeps over the land, leaving the soil so moist and fertile that the farmer has nothing to do in planting time but to scatter the seeds over the plain, and the crop grows and produces abundantly. The river rises from twenty to forty feet in various places, and in different seasons the height varies also. Egyptian gardens are beautiful places. Flowers and plants of the tropics gladden the eye, the soft, balmy air fans the cheek; and the bright, blue heaven, and all the beauties of nature make the heart expand with love and thanksgiving to the Creator and Giver of all blessings.

There is only a very slight rainfall in this country, but the dews are heavy, and the climate is salubrious, more so than in most tropical climates. Wild animals are not found in inhabited portions of the country, and the growth of wild plants is scanty.

Egypt is one of the few countries where the slave trade still exists. The unfortunate negroes are captured and marched over the desert, where their suffering is intense. Hundreds of them are overpowered by the hardships, and are left upon the burning sands to perish. The heat is so great and water

so scarce that they often go mad from thirst. A writer of history informs us that one not knowing the route of the caravans "would only have to follow the bones which lie right and left of the track." These miserable creatures are then smuggled into the country, and compelled to work unceasingly. One of the most common and fatiguing of their occupations is carrying water in the peculiar manner shown in the illustration. Some humane people have instituted an Anti-Slavery Society, and are trying to prevent this cruel practice; but, as with every other custom after it has once gained a foothold, it is no easy task to abolish it.

European countries carry on an extensive commerce with Egypt, the exports of the country consisting principally of flax, cotton, ostrich feathers, indigo, gum-arabic and ivory. The uniting of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by the Suez Canal has promoted trade, and is a great benefit to Egypt as well as to surrounding nations.

Egypt is a delightful place to travel in, and an interesting and instructive country to study, in view of which a society has been organized to investigate the country and history. In this way its members will, no doubt, be able to give to the world much valuable information which now lies hidden.

R. A. C.

A LONG WAIT IN PROSPECT.—Polly had been looking at a mountain brook and thinking very deeply about it for some time.

"Come, Polly, let's go back to the hotel now," said the nurse, "It is getting late."

"Wait just a minute, please," replied Polly. "I want to see the end of this brook go by."

THE LOST BABY.

ON a warm summer evening of the year 1830, the British ship *Pinta*, Captain Nelson, from Liverpool for Montreal, moved slowly up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, against a light wind and strong tide. On her starboard bow, not more than a mile distant, was a long, low, smart-looking schooner, bearing south-easterly across the *Pinta's* course. Having tide and breeze with her, she was making good time. The schooner was the packet *Hochelaga*, plying between Montreal, Pictou and intermediate ports. Among the passengers grouped about the schooner's decks was Mrs. Robert Norwood, of Montreal, who was chatting with another lady passenger.

"I declare," said she, "I can hardly wait until we get to Pictou. It is nearly two years and a half since I was married and went to live in Montreal. I have not once seen my father or mother since."

"And they've never seen your baby?"

"No, they have not had a look at Edith, although she is fifteen months old. Such a scene as there will be when we arrive!"

"Where is baby now?" asked the other lady, looking around.

"Oh, she fell asleep, so I carried her down and laid her on a mattress on the floor of my stateroom. I did not dare to put her in a birth, for she would be certain to tumble out as soon as she awoke. I left the door open for ventilation," continued the young mother, "and Peri is mounting guard over her in the passage-way. That dog is really more trust-worthy than most nurse-maids."

"Baby doesn't walk at all does she?"

"No; but she's such a creeper, and such a climber! I have to keep watch-

ing her all the time. I think I had better go and look at her now."

It was very warm beneath the deck, and the child moved uneasily as her mother approached. When she had dozed off again Mrs. Norwood slipped out of the state-room. She stopped a moment outside the door to pat Peri, the great Newfoundland dog which lay watchfully in the passage, and then returned to the deck, quite unaware that little Edith had been aroused by her departing movements. Baby Edith sat up rubbed her eyes wonderingly, and then crept from the mattress to the dog, just at the foot of the companion way, as her mother went up stairs. Mrs. Norwood had spent only a few minutes below, but a great change had come over the scene during her absence! The sun had gone down, and the very heavens seemed to be pouring themselves out upon the waters in a flood of living splendor. Sky and sea were blent in one glow of color, and passengers and crew crowded the starboard rail with exclamations of wonder and delight. Mrs. Norwood quickly made her way among the others, and joined eagerly in the general admiration. The port side of the *Hochelaga*, toward which the *Pinta's* bow headed directly, was quite abandoned, when a little white-clad, soft-shod baby figure, closely followed by a large disapproving dog came noiselessly up the companion-way and crept toward the deserted side. No one but Peri was there to notice baby Edith as she clambered on a bench, reached the rail, leaned far over, and a moment afterward dropped into the deep green water within the shadow of the schooner. The dog leaped after her instantly, yet no one heard a splash or cry. The *Hochelaga* kept on her course, and the *Pinta* slowly moved toward child and dog. After the sunset glow

had faded, Mrs. Norwood continued strolling about the deck, tempted by the evening breeze and the starlight to remain longer than she had intended. Nearly an hour had passed before she again tripped lightly down the companionway. Peri no longer mounted guard in the passage, and the state-room was empty! The mother's heart throbbed quick with fear, but she stilled it at once. "Some of the ladies must have found Edith awake and taken her up," she said to herself, and ran up the steps to the deck. "Have you seen any one making off with my baby?" she enquired, half playfully, of the first person encountered.

"No. I thought she was asleep below."

"So did I until a moment ago, but she is not in my state-room, and I fancy some one must have taken her up."

She flew quickly along the deck, asking questions with a gasp and a sob. Word speedily ran over the schooner. The passengers came flocking about her with pale, sympathetic faces, and a hurried search was begun. "Look for Peri! Find him! He will be with Edith!" screamed the now frantic mother; but neither dog nor child could be found. At a hoarse order from the captain the *Hochelaga* came about with flapping sails, and began tacking back and fourth over her course, while the distracted mother watched the water in dumb despair.

It would have been useless to lower a boat. Many minutes had passed since the child was first missed, and no one could say how long before that she had gone. Meantime the *Pinta* had been left quite out of sight. The *Hochelaga's* search was hopelessly continued an hour or two, merely for the purpose of satisfying the unhappy mother that her little

one had not been given up without an effort to save it, and then the voyage was resumed. On board the *Pinta* Captain Nelson stood watching the sunset until the last lurid rays smoldered into dusky gray. Then he turned his eyes on the sullen waste of water from which the *Hochelaga* had disappeared in the gathering darkness. Captain Nelson was about to go to his cabin, when an object a short distance away on the starboard bow arrested his attention. He gazed curiously a moment, and gave his eyes a vigorous rub as if they were not serving him aright.

"Strange," he muttered; "what in the world can that be?"

He called to the men forward. There was a rush to the rail, and a dozen pairs of eyes peered eagerly over.

"Looks like a bundle o' white clothes," said a sailor.

"It's a makin' straight for us," cried another.

"It's the tide that's a-fetchin' o' it along."

"No, it beant no tide—it's a-movin' itself!"

But the captain's eyes were keenest of all. Here his commanding voice broke in, and the men sprang to obey.

"Look alive there!" he shouted. "It's a dog supporting a child in its mouth!"

The ship's head came slowly about. A boat was lowered and shot swiftly astern. A few quick strokes brought it up with the white, moving object. One of the men reached out and took hold of a senseless baby form. But Peri refused to loosen his hold of the front of Edith's frock, by which he was holding her face clear of the water, until he had been taken into the boat. Then he resigned his charge to a sailor, beside whom he mounted jealous guard until the ship's side was gained. Captain

Nelson received the child in his arms as she was handed up to the deck, and bore her directly away to his own cabin, Peri following closely. It was soon found that the child's unconsciousness was due rather to shock than to suffocation or chill. Her lungs were free from water, and her heart was distinctly beating. Captain Nelson applied restoratives at once, and soon a feeble cry, which speedily increased in vigor, told of his success. A hot bath and hot blankets were sent in from the galley fire, and in less than an hour the captain announced on deck that a baby girl was comfortably sleeping in his cabin. A sharp lookout had been kept for the schooner, from which there was no doubt the child had come; but the wind had freshened after sunset, and she was probably miles away ere this.

"It's most mysterious that no effort was made to 'save the child,'" said Captain Nelson to his mate. "It looks as though the pretty little creature had been abandoned intentionally."

"It's an awfu' world, sir," said the Scotch mate. "Hangin's too good for the likes of you!" and he shook his mighty fist in the direction where the *Hochelaga* had last been seen, while the *Pinta* proceeded on her way. When Captain Nelson returned to his cabin he made a careful examination of Edith's clothing, but could find nothing to indicate her name or her home. The dog's collar bore but one word, "Peri." Still it might be of service in the enquiries to be made at Montreal. As Captain Nelson moved about the cabin, his little guest stirred restlessly, and tossed a small white arm above her head. He approached her, stood looking with a very gentle light in his eyes, then bent over and lightly pressed his lips to her little dimpled hand. Lifting

his head, the captain blushed and looked fiercely round the cabin, as if to crush anyone who had witnessed his emotion; but no spectator was there. Two wide, blue eyes unfolded and looked enquiringly into his. After a brief scrutiny Edith stretched her baby hands joyfully towards him, and astonished his bachelor ears with a shrill, glad cry of "Papa!"

"Shiver my timbers!—she's adopted me!" thought the captain, and as he took her in his arms he wondered whether a bachelor could legally adopt a daughter, and what Susan Grey, his "intended" at Liverpool, would say of the proceeding. Before he succeeded in inducing Edith to sleep again, he was fully aware that the office of adoptive father was no sinecure; yet his heart was all the time more delighted with the confiding little thing. She ate heartily of bread and milk, and for hours that night the galley fire blazed while the cook prepared the wee maid's one suit of clothing for the morrow. Next forenoon Captain Nelson brought her on deck, looking as fresh and rosy as though she had only taken her customary bath the evening before. She seemed quite content with her new surroundings, and the sailors were vastly delighted with her, especially when she babbled "Papa! Papa!" to their captain.

"What will you take for her, sir?" said the first mate, respectfully, but with jocular intention.

"Take?" said the captain, sternly. "Not the ship, no, nor all the ships afloat. Seems as if God sent her to me especially."

"But you may find who she belongs to, sir."

"Aye—I'll try. It's my duty. But if they abandon her—what then?"

"You'll adopt her?"

"I will that, as quick as she adopted me. She shall never know what it is to lack a father's care."

So the voyage up the St. Lawrence was pleasantly continued, and in due time safely ended at Montreal. Captain Nelson was ready to go on shore as soon as the *Pinta* entered her dock. But Peri did not wait for him. He leaped lightly to the wharf, and set off at top speed.

'E'll find the kid's friends quicker'n the cap'n," remarked one of the sailors.

"I'm thinkin' the captain's heart will be clean broke if he does," said another.

Not many minutes afterward Peri was in his master's place of business on St. James Street, and Robert Norwood sprang to his feet with a cry of surprise and alarm.

"What? Peri, you here! What does this mean? Where's Edith?"

At the child's name the dog ran excitedly to the door. Mr. Norwood sprang after him, but there was nothing in the street to relieve his anxiety. In deep agitation he turned for his hat, to go out and make enquiries. The dog tried to prevent him from going back, and whined pitifully.

"Oh, if he could only speak!" cried the young man with trembling lips. A moment afterward he was in the street, running swiftly toward the office of the *Hochelaga's* agents. The dog bounded joyfully on before, but set up a disapproving whine when Mr. Norwood entered the office. There they knew nothing more concerning the packet than he did, for this was before the days of the telegraph or the railway. The *Hochelaga* herself furnished the swiftest means of communication between the ports she visited. She had not returned, and how the dog had got back was

an entire mystery to the agents. Robert Norwood staggered out of the office, convinced that something terrible must have happened to his wife and child, else Peri would never have abandoned them. The dog caught his eye as he emerged, and with a sharp bark turned again toward the river. Mr. Norwood followed despairingly, not knowing what else to do. Soon he came out on the wharf beside the *Pinta*, and gazed blankly about. There was nothing here that could be associated with those he sought. "Peri! Peri!" he said in broken tones, "can you tell me nothing? Have you led me here only to show me the river?"

For answer Peri looked toward the *Pinta*, and gave a prolonged howl of impatience.

"Is that your dog, sir?" called a sailor from the ship's deck. Mr. Norwood turned to go without replying but the man hailed him again.

"If that is your dog, sir, mayhap there may be some at aboard ye'd like t'see."

A minute afterward he was in Captain Nelson's cabin with Edith clasped in his arms. But she did not quickly respond to his caresses. Indeed, she cried and averted her face from him at first. Evidently her mind was confused between her recollections of her true and her adopted fathers. Though she soon accepted Mr. Norwood, and kissed him, she did not call him "papa," but looked round the cabin with enquiry when he said, "Papa—doesn't Edith know papa? Say 'papa,' dear."

"She's took to the cap'n wonderful, sir," said the steward. "Called him papa right away. He do look like you, sir—same kind of eyes and chin. And she's been with him right along all these days."

When, soon afterward, Captain Nelson returned, Edith looked strangely at him and her father by turns. She did not say "papa" to either, but put her head down on her own father's shoulder and looked shyly at the captain.

'That settles it, my lass, said he, between a laugh and a gulp of disappointment. "But you adopted me, miss, and you'll find I won't forget it."

Neither did he, for Edith grew up to be a young lady before the captain ceased from sending her wonderful outlandish dolls, birds, and curios that he picked up in far-away ports, as he voyaged to them. Mr. Norwood's joy at the wonderful rescue of his child was dashed with deep fear for his wife. He did not doubt that she had been carried onward by the *Hochelaga*, but trembled at the thought of how the discovery of Edith's loss might affect her. He had no means of communicating with her, and could only wait the return of the packet. But the swift sailing *Hochelaga* was even then well on her home trip, and was sighted at Montreal a few days later. Mr. Norwood drove with Edith to the wharf to meet his wife, who had returned, by the packet, as he anticipated. Her grief had been so wild and her prostration so great on her arrival at Pictou that her parents, fearing to have her come alone, had accompanied her to Montreal. They were supporting her now as she tottered out of the cabin, entirely overcome at thought of the tidings she was bearing to her husband.

"Oh, I cannot tell him!" she exclaimed in agony. "It will kill him! It will kill me to tell him!"

She had been weeping so wofully that her parents kept her in the cabin till the gangway was clear. Now she suddenly saw Peri and then her husband with a child in his arms! He stopped

within a few feet of her, too much overcome to speak. The dog barked with excitement, and Edith stretched out her little white hands to her mother. Now this is a wonderful story; but it is a true one and was related to me by Edith herself.

William Kirkwood.

A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57.)

HAND in hand, like two contented children, Mary Wentworth and Norwood strolled back to Frazer's. Shadows deepened around them, overhanging boughs brushed their faces, and a tangle of wild grapevines threatened to enmesh them, but they carelessly thrust them aside, drinking in the sweet fragrance of the night and hearkening to bird calls.

They had reached the clearing about Frazer's before either disturbed the perfect concord by a spoken word.

"What brings you to Bonnie Glen, Mary?"

"The new schoolmarm, at your service, sir!"

She dropped his hand, making a quaint courtesy. Norwood had long been aware that Mary was singularly fond of little children and had lent valuable assistance in the free kindergartens of the city. Her careless explanation that the European trip had for some trivial reason been postponed to another year, and that she, always an enthusiastic botanist, had determined to obtain a complete herbarium of the plants of the Vernal Hills, seemed to Norwood logical and sufficient cause for her unexpected appearance and her adoption of this new vocation. We are loth to question the goods the gods provide.

Norwood arose the next morning with

a sense of buoyancy and of courage he had not known for months. True, it was weariness to drag himself from his comfortable bed, to bathe and dress and make ready for the breakfast for which he had no appetite.

Yet the day somehow seemed worth rising to greet. He reasoned that it was because he wanted to make it pleasant for Mary, who with sound lungs and seemingly unimpaired understanding, had chosen to seclude herself for a time in this mountain solitude. He went further, and acknowledged to himself that it was very sweet to have this little season of congenial companionship to lighten the closing chapter of his life, a friendly hand to clasp as he waited for the dark curtain to fall which divides life from the mystery we call death.

It was restful merely to let his eyes dwell on Mary, who wore a neat gray gown that morning, with a bunch of pink roses in her belt. On a chair beside her lay a broad brimmed hat and a tin box. As they arose from the table she took possession of these articles.

"I am going to begin bright and early to collect my plants," she said, smiling as she slipped over her head the leather strap that passed through the handles of the tin box. "You'll go with me?"

"Of a certainty!" he replied, snatching up his hat as they passed out through the narrow hallway.

"It is too late in the season to expect much," Mary went on as they entered the bright sunlight. "Yet there must be sheltered places along the mountain streams and in crevices of ledges where nice specimens may be found. I suppose you know the hills by heart by this time."

"I climbed a little when I first came.

I haven't done much walking lately. It tired me," Norwood said.

He hoped no one would grieve her tender heart by telling her of the day he had fallen exhausted on the trail. He would caution Frazer and his wife not to mention it.

"That is because you are always in a hurry. I know how it used to be in the city," said the girl, wisely. "I have watched you come up the hill to our house, puffing like a steam engine. Now you'll have to measure your pace to mine. When I hurry in the least in making an ascent, my heart beats like a trip-hammer. I shall be a safety guage for your ambition, Dr. Norwood."

Leisurely and often stopping to take breath and rest, they ascended the hillside, their object point, a projecting ledge from whose base there gurgled a spring of pure water, which a little further down was dammed and prisoned in an iron pipe, to supply Frazer's house and stable.

At every stage of their journey new beauties were revealed, new glories unveiled. The clearings in the valley, the stubble fields, parched and yellow, dwindled to mere specks in a setting of emerald. Magnificent growths of live oak clothed the hillsides, stately sycamores with dropping leaves disclosing their dappled bark and fantastic shapes, bowed over the streams that coursed down gulches and canyons, with columnar alders and cottonwoods wearing the golden garb of autumn. The ground beneath was a mesh of wild blackberry vines, clematis and nightshade. Higher up the slopes purpled with a thick chaparral of sagebrush, chemisal and mountain lilac, touched here and there with vivid red, where clusters of manzanita berries, the holly, hung in scarlet splendor.

Ever as they climbed, new vistas were unfolded, until the wooded ridge that formed the further boundary of the valley became a low, green hedge, at the foot of a sea of purple peaks fading to amethyst in the distance.

It was high noon when they reached their goal. In an ecstasy of delight Mary knelt at the foot of the jutting rock, passing her hand with a caressing motion over a bed of blossoms blue as the summer sky, lifting tiny chalices to drink the spray flung down to them by a mimic cascade.

"Only see these brave little souls, blossoming all out of season because a little heaven-sent moisture has been granted them!"

But Norwood, who had flung himself down on the ground, clasping his hands at the back of his head for a pillow, stubbornly refused to turn his face, and his tone was so despairing that the girl was alarmed.

"Are you tired?" she asked with much concern.

"I am hungry. Desperately hungry!" he returned with emphasis, looking hopelessly at Frazer's resolved to a mere speck in the distance, then casting a reproachful look at her.

She answered with a happy laugh.

"Before I gather any specimens, I must empty my box." Lifting the hinged cover she displayed piles of dainty sandwiches, wrapped in snowy napery, a flask of milk and great bunches of purple grapes.

Norwood eagerly reached out his hands, and ate, like a gluttonous boy, much more than his share of the repast, accepting gladly and without question the girl's plea that her own hearty breakfast had blunted her appetite. When he had finished, he drank freely of

the cool spring water, then laid back and closed his eyes.

The sunshine bathed him in a grateful warmth, the twitter and warble of birds, the hum of bees and the stir of unseen forces of nature, blended in a pleasant harmony. Mary Wentworth's face had the kind and soothing look of one that lingered in dreams of his childhood. He dropped to sleep as quietly and happily as a tired boy.

The sun was declining in the west when he awoke, rested and refreshed. A sunshade was propped beside him, sheltering his face from the slanting rays. The touch of a soft hand seemed to linger on his forehead, but when he looked about to determine whether the sensation were dream or reality, he saw Mary kneeling on the ground, busily storing away the plants she had gathered.

"I don't know whether I ought to have slept out here on the hillside," he said doubtfully, "It's a hazardous experiment."

"It is good for you," she said earnestly.

"Take care, Mary, how you violate professional ethics. I haven't given up my patient yet."

"Then you had better do so at once, sir," she retaliated playfully but with an undercurrent of serious meaning. "You have not made a brilliant success of your treatment of his case this summer."

He reddened ever so slightly, feeling his professional skill in some sense challenged.

"It is plain you are determined to supplant me. Think seriously of what you are meditating. You wouldn't rob a poor doctor of his only case: himself!"

"Then take me as a consulting physi-

cian!" said the girl quickly. "Here is my first advice, and you are to respect it. You are to walk slowly, and not speak a word, going down the trail. Stop now and then and inhale long breaths without opening your mouth. No, sir. If you please, you shall not carry the tin box, nor my sunshade. And when we reach Frazer's, you are to eat a light supper and go straight to bed, not burning your light an instant longer than it takes you to undress. I will give you further orders tomorrow. No reading in your room or in bed, 'pon honor."

The guilty and deprecating look with which Norwood subscribed to this latter condition confirmed the girl in her suspicions. Always a student and reader, the young man had brought with him the greater part of his scientific library, and had been in the habit of sitting up half the night engaged in study, then retiring chilled and exhausted, to a nervous and fitful repose.

For the first time since he came to Bonnie Glen, Norwood slept soundly and peacefully that night; and he awoke in the morning with a keen desire to know what worthy Mrs. Frazer intended to offer them for breakfast.

It is unnecessary to recount in detail Mary Wentworth's experience as teacher of the school in Bonnie Glen. The record of her success is spread upon the books so diligently kept by the trustees of the district. It is sufficient to say that that year shows the highest percentage in attendance and deportment, if not in scholarship, scored under any teacher's administration in the history of the district.

When she had been at her post a month, every girl was her devoted admirer, every boy her loyal subject. Norwood, who on pleasant days invariably

walked down to the schoolhouse with her in the morning, and who was always waiting for her at night, grew to feel an unreasoning jealousy of the children who rushed up the path to meet her breaking in upon their pleasant confidences, or unwillingly yielding her up to him when the day's tasks were over. Yet not so unreasonable, from his own point of view.

"The world can have her for many years. My days with her are numbered," he sadly argued.

The winter rains were late that year. September and October passed serenely by under cloudless skies and with days and nights balmy as midsummer. The vineyards clothing sunny slopes yielded their rich harvest to the toilers, and the russet husks of almonds and walnuts burst and rattled their concealed treasures in a shower on the ground, for the children to gather. With the advent of November the same grateful warmth prevailed by day, but the sun sank earlier behind the western hills, and night settled down with a keener breath. Sometimes light clouds chased each other across the sky, but not a drop fell to refresh the parching earth.

In mid-December something like a fog adrift crept over the hills and obscured the sun, dimly and then heavily, like a leaden-gray pall. Slowly the mist began to descend earthward, flinging a fine spray in the faces of those who ventured out. By night rain was pattering on the roof.

All the week it rained steadily, and when the thirsty soil had drunk its fill, little streamlets began to trickle down every hollow and depression, joining forces to form dancing brooks, combining again to make turbulent rivulets, and finally uniting in a genuine mountain torrent, which plunged down the

canyon, uprooting trees and tearing boulders from their beds.

To those who watched the progress of the storm it seemed as if a second deluge were imminent; but after a gusty forenoon when rain and wind contested sway, Bonnie Glen looked out upon a sky cloudless as June.

With boyish delight in his sudden release from bondage, Norwood drew on a heavy pair of boots and caught up hat and overcoat, resolved to reach the schoolhouse by the time of dismissal. Hastening down the road with this purpose in view, he renewed the joy of his own boyhood's experience in another region where nature discloses her secrets upon the melting of the snows. Underfoot a myriad green blades and tender leaflets were leaping into life. Mossgrown rocks had exchanged their summer browns for glistening emerald. The oaks, clean washed and refreshed, seemed to be putting on a new garb, and sycamore and pussy willow buds were swelling with the promise of spring.

"The very air seems new," he declared to Mary, as she greeted him with pleased surprise. "All the earth seems new born."

"It may wake up my rare fern," said the girl knowingly, nodding her head as one entrusted with all the small secrets of nature.

"Speaking of your rare fern, said Norwood, "I believe I have at last traced it to its lair. A Mexican who leads a hermit's life on the next range south, was trying to tell me last week of some very uncommon plant that grows on a gulch near the summit. The old man described it as resembling the delicate needlework his countrywomen are famous for making. He says there's a cave that marks the spot where it

grows; a prehistoric relic in the face of a cliff covered with paintings that may be worth seeing for themselves."

"We'll go, some day when the weather is warmer," replied the girl soberly. She cast a furtive look at his face, paled with a week's confinement and with a bright color glowing like a consuming fire in his cheeks.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN AFTER CHRISTMAS STORY.

DORA TRACY woke on Christmas morning, to hear the younger members of the family making the merry noises incident to the searching of the well-stuffed stockings, that had been hung in a row on the edge of a table; for, alas! the ancient wide-mouthed fireplace had disappeared from this home, to be replaced by the cleanly, diffused heat from a radiator.

Dora was in no hurry to get up; indeed she was crying softly under the blankets. For several years she had been possessed by doubts as to the genuineness of the delightful myth of Santa Claus, and this year she had gone deliberately to work to investigate. By poking about she had managed to find various articles that plainly spoke of Christmas, and to hear enough of broken conversations, to know each and every surprise with which her loving parents, and a dear aunt, had designed to make her holiday a day of unmixed pleasure.

Dora was tasting the bitterness of stolen knowledge. She felt as if some dear old friend were dead, since the benign saint would come to her no more. There were no surprises in store for her, no delightful thrills of expectation in her heart, for she knew all about it.

Just then the little baby sister came dancing in to display her treasures, her face beaming, her eyes bright, and cheeks red. "Dear Dora," she lisped, "see how good Santa Claus has been to me. I got a doll, and a muff, and red shoes, and lots of good things to eat. Get up, and let me see what's in your stocking and the big paper."

Dora had almost said: "It is a big doll," but checked herself in time not to set the little one wondering.

"I wish the Lord—for there is a dear Lord, if there isn't a Santa Claus—had given all my things to some little girl that was good, and hadn't spoiled all her own pleasure herself by doing naughty, sneaking things," she said to herself as she dressed, and suffered her little sister to lead her into the dining-room, where the boys were making a merry din, and her father and mother were looking a pleasant toleration of the noise.

The three boys began talking at once, each asking the privilege of untying a large parcel that lay on the table addressed "For a good girl," and which they had not been permitted to touch.

"You can untie it if you will be careful, and not spoil it," said Dora, as she returned her mother's Christmas greeting and took her seat on her father's knee.

Out of the many wrappings came a magnificent wax doll. "Oh, you beauty!" Dora exclaimed as she took it in her arms, and the other children danced around, making various comments of admiration for the pearly teeth, the silky curls, superb dress, and pearl necklace. Dora put her arms around her father's neck and whispered in his ear: "Dear father, I thank you so much for this lovely doll," and then, to the surprise of all, she began to cry. Her parents were

much concerned, and inquired if she were ill, and the mother remarked that she had noticed for several days that Dora had seemed listless and downcast. This kind remark from her mother sent the guilty blood to her cheek, and, hastily drying her eyes, she declared there was nothing the matter, and putting the doll with her other presents aside, she exerted herself to help her mother get through the work, and to clear up the debris of Christmas morning.

It was a beautiful day, clear, cold, and bright with sunshine. The winds were still, and enough well-packed snow lay on the ground to gladden the hearts of the merry young people, who to the music of bells, and the rhythm of the even beat of the horses' feet, passed swiftly over the frozen roads.

With all her Christmas treasure piled high on a new coasting sled, Dora started to go to the home of her dear Aunt Helen, there to display her presents, and find what consolation she could for this vague, but almost unbearable grief, that to her young heart seemed to have settled down on her, to abide all the rest of her life.

The way was through a rather suburban part of the country town, and there were some stretches of a block or two where there were no houses. Merry sleighing parties jingled past her. A man with a load of wood compelled her to turn aside in a snowdrift and wait for him to pass; she stopped awhile at a fence to see some children building a snow woman, but at last arrived at her aunt's gate.

As she swung the gate open and turned facing the sled, to draw it inside, she discovered that the parcel containing the beautiful doll was no longer on the sled. She clasped her hands to-

gether and pressed them to her breast with a low cry of dismay. She had thought herself as miserable as a girl could be before this happened, but to lose it! Without waiting to even speak to her aunt, she drew the sled up on the porch and ran back along the path by which she had come, hoping to be the first to find it. There were no sleighs or teams on the road now, as far as Dora could see, and the heavy marks made by the load of wood seemed to be the last. She passed the yard where the children were still trying to make the arms of the snow woman stick on, and still she saw nothing of the lost parcel.

When more than half the distance had been gone over that lay between her and her house, she saw a little girl sitting by the side of the road. "I will ask her," thought Dora, "if she has seen anyone pick up a parcel," and ran toward the child, whose back was toward her.

Before Dora was quite close enough to speak the child, unconscious of her presence, began to rock herself to and fro and sing. Such a spontaneous burst of gladness Dora had never heard before, and, forgetting her purpose for a moment, listened to the Christmas carol; and as she paused beside the child, she said, "You little snow bird, what are you doing out here all alone?"

"I am thanking God for being good to me," she replied with frank seriousness. "See what He has given me," and, unfolding the faded corners of her thin shawl, she displayed to the gaze of the astonished owner, Dora's own doll.

Dora had almost exclaimed: "That is mine!" but she checked the impulse, and, sitting down by the little one, said in a winning tone: "Now just tell me all about it."

"Well, you see, I never, never had a doll like this before, only little china ones, and I kept asking my mother if she didn't think Santa Claus would bring me one. I tried to be so good. I took care of the baby, and pulled weeds for the pig, and fed the chickens, and gathered the eggs, and helped all I could; and I tacked a paper on the wall, and whenever mother said I had been a good girl *all day*, I put a mark on the paper. I had always heard that Santa Claus was good to good children, and I was being good for this big doll. Two or three days ago mother found my paper, and asked me what it was. When I told her, she took me in her arms and cried, and I could not understand why. That night, after my little brother and sister had gone to bed, she told me there was no Santa Claus; that it was only a myth to please little children; that as my papa was gone on a mission, his little girl must be a woman, and not cry and be disappointed if her mother was too poor to get her the beautiful doll she had set her heart on. Then I cried, and mother took me in her arms and said: 'There is no Santa Claus, but there is a dear Lord and Savior, who hears and answers prayer, and that is much better. He will remember what a comfort you have been to me while papa was gone, and He will take good care of your dear father and bring him safely home. He is our friend, and can heal the sick, give the blind their sight, and keep the heart from aching when we cannot have what we most earnestly desire. I will write and tell papa what a good girl you have been to help me, and that that will be some reward, will it not?'

"Then I asked her if the Lord would listen to a little girl if she prayed all by herself, and when she told me yes,

I kissed her and went to bed. I prayed that night, and the next morning, and when I was washing dishes, and going on errands, I would look up to the great wide blue sky, and say: 'Dear Lord and Savior, I am little Mary Smith, my papa is on a mission, and my mother is too poor to buy me a big doll, and I don't want a little one. There are so many great, big lovely dolls in the world; won't you see that I get one?' and then my heart would be glad, and I was sure He would.

"On Christmas eve, mother told me with tears in her eyes that she had tried hard to get me a big doll, and could not, but if I would have a little one she would get it, and make it ever so many real clothes that would button and that I could wash and iron. But I told her never to mind, I thought the Lord would not forget me. She let me be Santa Claus and put the candy and nuts into the other stockings, but sent me to bed while she put in the little toys, so that I would be surprised a little in the morning.

"When she came to my bed this morning and said: 'Mary, the doll has not come yet,' I only laughed and said to her: 'Well, mother, if the Lord don't think I have been good long enough yet, I will be good all next year and then see what He thinks of me.'

"After the work was done I came out here to see the sleighs go by, and the first thing I saw was this, all tied up in brown paper, and on it was written: 'For a good girl.'

"Now don't you think it was for me?"

"Yes," said Dora without a moment's hesitation, "it was for you, and the Lord sent it to you. Now go home and tell your mother all about it."

Dora sat on the stone and watched the little girl as long as she could hear

her singing the glad Christmas carol, then she slowly went back to her aunt's house. A great many thoughts had passed through her mind, as she thought of the patient faith of little Mary, and her own petulance. In relating the incident to her aunt she said: "I am not sorry any more that there is no mythical Santa Claus, but so glad that there is a real Lord, who hears and answers prayers, who knows when we are good and try to do His will. You will be surprised Aunt Helen, but I was not nearly so happy when the doll was mine, as I was when I helped God to answer her prayers. I was so glad that I had the right to tell her that the doll was hers. I was her Santa Claus, and the Lord let me help Him, and I think it is the loveliest thing that ever happened to me in all my life. I am twelve years old and don't need a doll anyhow."

When Aunt Helen with her spiritual insight had explained it for the parents of both the little girls, there was a deep though quiet satisfaction in all their hearts that the children had learned such a beautiful and lasting lesson on Christmas.

Ellen Jakeman.

SPEAK GENTLY.—Violence ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can almost always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.

WHERE the speech is corrupted the mind is also.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WHILE considering some financial questions a few days since, President Woodruff made a remark to the writer that things are now very different to what they were in his youth and manhood. "Until I became the President of the Church," said he. "I had never given but one note in all my life, and that was for a very small amount and for a very short time. Nor was this note for money to use for personal necessities. A few years ago," he continued, "it was uncommon for men in my neighborhood and among my acquaintances to go into debt. Now, however, it is uncommon to find men who are free from financial obligations."

The spirit of the age is that indebtedness is necessary to success. Indeed, one leading financier of Utah, who is now dead, once told a near friend that the man who was free from debt did not have the energy which one possessed who carried a heavy load of debt. We believe on the whole that it would be best for men to possess less energy if they could only be to some extent freed from the anxiety which has caused and is causing the untimely death of capable men. It would be a good policy for individuals as well as the public to adopt, for at least sometime in the future, to get out and keep out of debt.

The man who runs open accounts is far more careless about his expenditures than is he who always buys with cash.

It is illustrated in an incident related by an English harness-maker who had a beautiful saddle on exhibition near the front of his store. One day while he was absent a gentleman called and told the saddler's apprentice that he would take the article, and before the boy had an opportunity to ask him his name he had thrown the saddle into his buggy and driven away.

When the master returned he inquired where the saddle was. The apprentice replied that a gentleman had purchased it, but had failed to pay for it, and he did not even know his name. The proprietor began to think the saddle had been stolen, but the boy assured him that this was not the case, as the gentleman who took it was a frequent customer and had an account on the books.

After some days had passed and the purchaser of the saddle failed to make his appearance, the proprietor told the book-keeper to charge the article up to all the customers who had open accounts on the books. By this means they would learn who was the real purchaser, as the others would dispute their accounts.

Several weeks elapsed, when the proprietor inquired of the book keeper if the purchaser of the saddle had been discovered.

"No," answered the book-keeper, "nor is he likely to be, for already about forty of your customers have paid for the saddle."

If the old plan of paying for articles as they are obtained had been followed, there would have been about thirty-nine men better off by the value of the saddle than they were by leaving their accounts open and thus becoming careless in regard to charges made.

The custom of earlier times in regard to obligations and the honor which

existed between debtor and creditor is very nicely portrayed in an incident told of an old Scotch money lender who was approached by a friend with a request for a loan. The Scotchman promised him the money and counted it out, but his friend who had become familiar with the London methods of doing business, handed him his note for the amount he desired.

"What is this?" asked the old Scotchman.

"Why, this is my written promise to pay," answered the borrower.

"Well," says the old Scotchman, "if your word is not as good as your writing, you shall not have my money," and he began to place it back in his vault.

"But supposing I should die?" was the response, "I want you to have something in hand to show my children that I was indebted to you."

"If your children have not sufficient honor to protect their father's name should you die, I will have nothing to do with such a family," and he put his money safely away in his strong box.

A man's verbal promise should be as good as his written obligation and it would indeed be a happy condition if we were in a position where we would need to make so few promises concerning financial obligations that we would not forget them, but promptly meet everything that is due. It is becoming too common for men to try and repudiate their obligations. Indebtedness is incurred by some without the least thought of ever paying it. They will plead the statute of limitation, where it is possible, or seek some technicality to avoid the payment of even the legal notes.

Debts of honor are just as binding as are legal obligations. Doubtless our readers have heard of the case of the impecunious English statesman who

would dodge corners to avoid meeting his creditors. One day a man who held his note saw a sum of money paid to him, and immediately thereafter stepped up to the debtor and presented his note for payment. "I cannot pay that," replied the statesman, "for the money I just received I must pay on a debt of honor. You have my note and that will hold good until my other obligations are discharged."

The creditor looked at him for a moment, and then said, "I will make my debt one of honor," and immediately destroyed the note.

"That being the case," was the response, "I must pay yours first, as it is of longer standing."

We advise our young people to avoid the distresses of debt, to live within their means and to economize to such an extent that from their incomes they can save some little against a time of need. If you would only talk with some men whose credit has been strained because of indebtedness, we believe the lesson would be impressed upon your minds never to be forgotten, that debt is a burden which prevents peaceful, restful nights and fills the mind with anguish during the day time, thus preventing the development of those finer sensibilities with which every creature is endowed, retarding also the growth in spirit which is possible to those who owe no man anything. The philosopher's stone, which John Randolph once declared he had discovered is to "pay as you go." Each one should possess this "stone."

THE devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.

WHEN you have nothing to say, say nothing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF 'DIAHMAN.

My Father moved from Far West to 'Diahman in September, 1838, when the mob were beginning to put their evil designs into practice upon the Saints, by driving off stock and annoying the families in their homes.

When within four miles of the town a party of mobocrats stopped us with an apparent design to do violence, but, after a short consultation among themselves in the road ahead of us, we were permitted to proceed.

The only mill for grinding corn or wheat in that part of the country was owned by one of the mob, and Mormons could not grind there. It was a horse mill, and when a man went to mill he must use his own team sometimes, and grind his grain, the miller merely taking the toll or pay for using the mill. If small boys went to mill, the miller would do all the work except to drive the team.

"Grist mills," as they were called in those days, were very primitive things; but to us they were marvels of ingenuity, as they were a great improvement on hand mortars. The greatest feature of the mill was the size of the wheel, and there was but one wheel in the whole mill, and it was built upon an upright shaft. The outer rim was full of wooden cogs, which fitted into the "trundle-head," or small shaft, upon which the revolving stone rested, the great wheel being, according to the size of the house, from twenty to sixty feet in diameter, and the spindle wheel, or trundle head, only twelve or fifteen inches in diameter.

Now, boys and girls, just compare such mills with roller mills now in use, and remember, also, that we had to use hand sieves to separate the bran from the flour or meal.

When we were first cut off from the

"horse mill," my father made a mill of his own, by cutting down a large oak tree which stood near the house. After making the top of the stump smooth and level, he built a fire in the center of the stump, which was about three feet across. He kept just a little fire going day and night, occasionally digging up or loosening the burned wood under the fire, until he had a smooth, round hole, about two feet deep, burned into the stump. Then he made a nice hickory pounder, the bottom of which was the shape of the cavity in the stump. The pounder was about four or five feet long, and fastened to a spring pole, and so nearly balanced the heft of the pounder with the weight of the little sapling spring-pole that a girl ten years old could work it up and down; and when once set in motion it would almost go itself.

Into this cavity of the stump two or three quarts of corn were put at a time and pounded into meal. At first it was fun for the children to stand on the stump and make that great pounder jump up and down, but it got old after awhile.

At the same time that father's mill was at work, the authorities of the place were building a great house, and a great wheel under its roof, to grind for the people, which took weeks to accomplish.

During the building of the mill many people boiled corn and wheat to live upon, for not all could get meal. Even meat was scarce, because people were compelled by the mob to leave their homes on a few minutes' notice, and flee to the settlement, leaving behind such things as stock, grain, and, in some instances, household goods.

When the army came and took our arms and munitions of war, they were moved with sympathy for the people in

many instances, so pitiable was their condition for shelter, food and clothing.

After our guns had all been taken from the people, my brother John, nearly four years younger than I, conceived an idea of having a little fun at the expense of the army, which was camped about a quarter of a mile from our house, in the dense timber which grew all along Grand River bottom land.

We had a quantity of powder and lead in the house, but no gun. John made a huge cannon of the lead, and fired it one day, unknown to father or mother. Soon after the great noise died away in the woods, a file of soldiers were sent out to find and capture the gun they had heard. Our house was in the line of search, but none of us knew anything of a gun existing anywhere about there.

Next day the report of a cannon was again heard near our house. Down came three high army officials and demanded that gun which they had located this time sure, somewhere about our house. Mother and Zina knew nothing of any gun—had heard a noise like a gun back in the woods, but knew nothing of it.

The officers went to father about the matter, and he promised to inquire into it. So that night when father came home he soon learned all about the shooting, and seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of us, but told John that he might get into trouble over that cannon yet, and he guessed that he had better not shoot it any more. But John enjoyed the annoyance his cannonading gave the officers too much to let the matter stop there.

Next day the report of the cannon re-echoed again through the woods. As soon as father heard the noise he started for home, where he arrived just

in time to capture the gun and the captain of artillery before the officers arrived. The latter were quite hostile when they came up at first, but when all was explained, and the cannon surrendered, they were satisfied, and not only satisfied, but really pleased at the expertness of the young gunner.

The same night, or the next day after the surrender of Far West, Dimick Huntington and two other men came to our house in a great hurry. I remember that mother gave them whatever necessities she had to fit them out for a journey into an Indian country. Dimick related to us a little incident that occurred weeks before between him and one of the mob, in which he outwitted the mobber and got away from him.

Immediately after we laid down our weapons of war in 'Diahman, we were all put under a strong guard in a sort of corral or pen, one side of which was a high fence, and the other three sides were made of a nearly continuous line of men. I remember very well hearing a man who deliberately hunted among us for one that answered the description of my brother Dimick, and said with determined savagery, "If I find him, he'll not get away from me again." I was thankful that he would surely not find him.

I will here relate a little of Dimick's experience in that remarkable escape from Far West:

The Prophet Joseph said to Dimick, when the army commenced to surround Far West, "You must get out of here just as quick as you can, for if you are found here they will kill you;" and he named the two other men to go with him, and told them to get out of the State by as short a route as possible.

They first went westward, passing 'Diahman, as before stated, then north, through strange and unsettled country.

They continued north as far as they felt was necessary, and then turned east, and traveled until they came to the Mississippi River, near Burlington. They crossed the river and traveled down to Quincy, where they were led by the inspiration of God to Judge Cleveland's, four miles east of the city.

By this time it was known all over the country that the Mormons had to leave the State of Missouri. Dimick engaged Mr. Cleveland to go to Far West for his and the Prophet Joseph's families and bring them out of the State.

As an introduction of Mr. Cleveland to Emma Smith and his own family, Dimick wrote a letter; but, apprehending that Mr. Cleveland would be in danger if that letter was found on him, and feeling that search would likely be instituted, Dimick took off a cleat from the wagon-box, chiseled out a cavity in the cleat large enough for the letter, into which it was secured, and then nailed the cleat on again.

Facts proved afterwards that the letter could not have been carried openly in the wagon or on the person.

In due time Joseph's family followed Dimick's family to the home of Judge John Cleveland. Dimick and his family lived in the judge's old house of earlier times, while Joseph's family was taken into the house and home with Mr. Cleveland. When my father went out of the State in May, 1839, he moved into the house with Dimick, and both families lived in one room not more than eighteen feet square.

A few days after Joseph arrived from Missouri, Dimick went in to see the beloved prophet, to whom he was devotedly attached. Joseph remarked to him in their conversation, "Dimick, there is a very important mission for you among the Indians."

Dimick soon went home and told his wife that Joseph had a mission for him among the Indians, and he wanted to be ready in the morning. So the poor wife was up most of the night mending and preparing his clothing for an absence of an indefinite period of time. The devoted followers of the prophet apparently had no limits to service nor bounds to possibilities.

After breakfast Dimick, with valise in hand, went to report to the prophet, and said: "Well, Brother Joseph, I am ready now to go."

"Go where?" asked the prophet.

"To the Indians," was the reply.

Joseph smiled in a lovingly, dignified way peculiar to himself, and remarked: "You are not to go now, Dimick, but after awhile you will do a great work among the Lamanites."

To go or not to go made no difference to Dimick, so long as he yielded obedience to the prophet's call.

When we came into Salt Lake valley Dimick Huntington was the first man that learned to talk with the Indians; he was "first man" among them and to them to the end of his life. His name among the Indians was Ne-oam-bahds, which in Ute means "Good Talk." All the tribes in the mountains gave him credit for always telling them the truth. His influence was great among all the tribes that knew him and many that knew his name only.

I have traveled among various tribes and bands of Indians from here to the Sierras, and invariably found his name familiar with them.

He was interpreter for Territorial Superintendent of Indian Affairs while Brigham Young was Governor, and remained interpreter and manager of Indians for the Church until his death.

In the last years of President Young

he ordained Dimick a patriarch for Israel.

Thus we see that he truly filled the mission given him by the prophet at Judge Cleveland's. So, also, will every other prediction be fulfilled that was ever made by Joseph Smith.

O. B. Huntington.

A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

SOME time ago I was in great distress of mind. I had been out of employment for a considerable length of time, my finances were getting very much limited, and unless I could find employment, whereby to earn some more I would be pretty "hard up."

I had inquired of everybody whom I knew hired help, but in every instance got the same unfavorable reply.

I had returned one day from my usual rounds feeling very low in spirits. In telling my wife of my want of success, she said to me, with the usual intuition so characteristic of women, "Why do you not ask your Father in heaven for employment?"

I was struck forcibly with her remark, as I had never thought of asking Him for employment. So before retiring for the night, I prayed to my Father in heaven, as I had not done before. Simple, short, earnest and emphatic.

Next morning after breakfast, I went to see the contractor for a large public building, as I had been informed the day previous that he was hiring men to dig the foundation, and asked for him, of the man in charge. "Why, he has gone to the railroad depot. Did you not meet him?" I followed, walking as quickly as I could and inquired at the depot for him. The answer was, "He has gone to his home this minute."

His home being two blocks away, I

soon reached the place, and asked his wife if her husband was at home.

"Yes, come in," she replied, but on calling for him, no answer came. She came to the door with me to look for him, but he had gone. I then relinquished all hope for that day.

On coming up the street I felt very much depressed. Arriving within one block of the turning I saw the superintendent of the woolen mills walking down on the opposite side of the street. He saw me and gave a wave of his hand for me to stop. He came across to me and said, "Oh, Barclay, you were asking me for work one day lately. Have you got a job?"

• "No, sir, I have not."

He then told me to go to the factory and ask for two men, whose names he gave. I was to tell them the superintendent had sent me up. He had been speaking to them about me that morning.

I did as told, and was employed to begin work on Monday morning, this being Friday.

On coming near to my house, the whistle blew for twelve o'clock. I stood without the power of motion—I had received such a direct answer to my prayer. I told my wife of what had occurred, and she rejoiced with me, and if grateful thanks ever ascended from earth to heaven, they did on that night, for God's special care and immediate answer to my request.

That incident in my life is a testimony to me that my Father in heaven lives, and that our smallest acts have His special care. When even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, how much more will He care for His sons and daughters!

I have never seen the president of the United States. He may be a myth, or

a non-existent person so far as my knowledge goes. Some men have had letters from him, I have not. Hence I only know of him in a second-hand way. Should I telephone to him, however, for a special thing, and in less than twenty-four hours, my request is granted, that would be a testimony that he lives, and has power. The same principle may apply in the case of heavenly existence.

I have made it a point to pray to my Father every day of my life. I tell Him all my wants, even to the smallest, and thank Him from the bottom of my heart for all His kindness.

"Oh ye of little faith," who have not got a direct testimony! Bow to your Father in heaven in humility, sincerity and faith, and do not cease till you get what you ask in righteousness. Especially would I urge it on the youth of Zion to seek for a testimony for themselves, and having got it, retain it, by keeping all His commandments.

Have confidence in Father
For our Father He's kind,
And bear all trials that He sends
With a calm and tranquil mind.

Though sorely pressed on every side,
Have faith and you'll get through,
For every blade of grass
Gets its own drop of dew.

Michael Barclay.

KINDNESS.

To my knowledge there is no subject that should be impressed more vividly upon the minds of the young people than that of kindness. There are a great many branches to this subject, but the one to which I wish to confine myself mostly is that of children to their parents.

There is nothing that hurts me worse than to hear a young boy or girl talk

with disrespect to their parents. When they do this, it causes me to think that they believe there is no one sees or hears them. But here they are badly mistaken. The guardian angel which God has placed with each one of us is the one who sees and hears all we do, and he will doubtless record all our deeds, whether they be good or evil, and the day will come when these things will be brought up before us. Imagine, young boys, you who have talked with disrespect to your father or mother, how you will feel when you are asked what you did it for. What excuse can you offer? I think it will be a hard thing for you to find an acceptable excuse for such conduct.

Is there anything more pleasing to a fond mother than to see her son come into the house with a smiling countenance, a contented mind, and cheering words to speak to her? I think there is nothing more pleasing than this. But can a mother have the affection that she should have for her son when he enters the house with a black look on his face; who cares for nothing and nobody, throws things around carelessly or recklessly, and probably when asked a common question by mother, insults her with his answer, treating her also in other ways with harshness and cruelty? A mother cannot have the respect and love for a son who acts in this way as she would if he were otherwise.

There are few who can realize what a great loss it is to be deprived of a good mother. My young friends, you who have mothers living, treat them with all the kindness, respect, and love it is possible for you to exhibit. Remember that you have but one mother on this earth; it is she who nurses you until you are old enough to see and understand things for yourselves. Should

you have the privilege of attending school and getting a good education, and your father and mother have not had this privilege, don't turn around and call them ignorant, for probably they would have been glad to have had a chance to go to school as you have now. But be thankful to them that you have these opportunities, and whenever you can impart a little knowledge unto your parents, do it in a manner becoming to yourself, and be always ready to freely give them assistance, and obey their counsel. Never think that you are so far advanced as to reject the advice which they may give you. Bear in mind the great commandment which God Himself announced for the guidance and welfare of His children: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Those who indulge in the practice of dishonoring their parents, and who have read the above great commandment, must surely feel conscience-smitten. Few there are who realize the danger they are in by allowing themselves to continue to treat their parents with disrespect.

Charles R. Jones.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.]

AFTER five days of seemingly fruitless efforts on our part to make an impression upon the people anywhere in Mandal, and our resources being almost exhausted, we concluded to separate. Brother Lars Petersen, my partner, had succeeded in finding employment with a carpenter and wheel-maker a little outside the town, and I concluded therefore to leave him there, to prosecute the work as best he might, while I would re-

turn to Christiansand, which city also was included in my appointed field of labor. On the 20th of May we parted, but with the understanding still to be co-workers both with regard to promulgating the gospel and also in every other way to support each other for that purpose. He afterwards faithfully kept his vows and assisted me with money when I needed any, and tried his best to get the people to read our tracts and give us an opportunity to lay the principles of the gospel before them in meetings.

On my arrival in Christiansand, I sought for and found employment at my trade as a painter, thereby enabling me to stay and thus seek for chances to promulgate the gospel. It was, however, uphill business, and very discouraging thus to spend weeks and months working for very small wages and yet being unable to perform the important work more energetically, for which I had been sent. I therefore felt at times very low-spirited.

On one occasion, I succeeded in getting a meeting in which I was assisted by Elder C. Dorius, who had come ashore while on his way to another city, by name Stavanger, and by Brother Petersen who had come on a visit from Mandal. We had quite a congregation in a small room, and did our best, but I never saw any fruits of that meeting, and I therefore sought for some other places, where I could hope for more success. In this I was guided by the spirit to a small valley out to one side from the main roads, and there I found some Quakers, who received me very kindly, and opened their house for a meeting, inviting the neighbors to hear me, which eventually resulted in one family receiving the gospel. They have since emigrated to Zion, where they and their descendants are now quite numer-

ous, and are numbered as faithful Latter-day Saints. One son has since performed a mission to his native land.

Strange as it may appear, there has since that time been made several attempts to introduce the gospel in Mandal, but without success, and but very few people have embraced the gospel in the city of Christiansand.

The priests and the press did all that they could to hinder us in our work, and on one occasion in Mandal, while I was trying to obtain a place to hold meeting, I met the parson engaged in his work of counteracting my efforts, and, with a "strange feeling of my authority as a servant of God," I rebuked him and told him that in hindering me from informing those people upon the true plan of salvation, he would be held responsible before God for his conduct when we should meet before the bar of justice in heaven. The people who were present seemed much astonished at my words, but did not offer any opposition, either by words or action.

During the summer, I made several trips to Mandal to assist Brother Petersen, and he also came to visit me in Christiansand for a similar purpose, and, whenever I was out of employment, he would furnish me with money out of his earnings; thus we worked, like Paul did in Rome, with our hands, as well as spiritually, in order to forward the important work of God, seeking Him diligently in prayer for support. But the people seemed very indifferent and our faith and patience were tried very much in consequence.

In the fall of that year (1855) I was released and recalled to Christiania, and my partner was left to work alone in that seemingly unproductive field.

As President C. Petersen later in the fall was released to return home to his

family in Zion, I was appointed to succeed him in the presidency over the mission in Norway.

After the departure of President Petersen in November, I was in Christiania most of the time, still making occasional visits to the other branches, but I was now surrounded with almost every comfort that a missionary could wish for. Our meetings in Christiania were well-attended by strangers and an excellent spirit pervaded the Saints in general, and we had quite frequent baptisms.

On the 7th and 8th of February, 1856, I called a conference to convene in Christiania, and, although it was winter and all traveling had to be done overland, we had a very good attendance of the missionaries, and a good spirit prevailed. Some of the brethren had traveled more than one hundred miles on foot to get to the conference.

During the year 1856, I paid a visit to some of the branches, to encourage the brethren and the Saints, but nothing unusual occurred to me, and a further recital of my missionary experiences during the remainder of my time in Norway, therefore, is not deemed of sufficient interest to be introduced here.

I held the position as president till I was released in April, 1857, when I emigrated to Utah in company with my faithful co-laborers, Elders C. Dorius and John F. F. Dorius, each of us having with us our betrothed partners for life to whom we were subsequently married on board the ship *Westmoreland*, in the harbor of Liverpool.

Our wedding trip across the plains of Iowa, Nebraska and the mountains of Wyoming and Utah, I may take occasion to relate at some other time. I have now related some of my experiences during four years of active service in Denmark and Norway. C. C. A. Christensen.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

The Fremont Valley.

FREMONT VALLEY is situated in the south central part of Utah. It occupies the north and western part of Wayne County.

The valley is surrounded by mountains, whose lofty peaks wear a white crown most of the winter, and when summer's pleasant call takes the snow from the peaks, the forests still cling to the white coverlet, and hence snow can be found in the hot summer weather.

From these snow banks streams are fed and many lakes are kept supplied.

There are so many beautiful, clear streams, and the mountain is so dotted with lakes of pure water, that it is called "Thousand Lake Mountain."

Many lives are supplied by those mountain streams and lakes. Horses, sheep and cattle, as well as men, seek their refreshing coolness.

The largest of these lakes, known as Fish Lake, situated north-west of the valley, is seven miles long and from half-a-mile to two miles wide.

This beautiful, clear lake was once teeming with salmon trout. There are several streams running into it, but only one outlet, at the north end. The water that leaves the lake winds its way through a green meadow for several miles, then joins another stream and pushes on over rocks, between high precipices, and, as it goes tumbling and rolling over the great boulders, it is joined by small creeks and rippling rills, until by the time it has reached the valley it is quite a stream, and is known as the Fremont River. Then it goes on

singing and dancing in an open valley once more. It flows from the north-east to the southern part of the valley, where it takes another ramble through the rocks.

On the west side of the valley two other streams not so large are fed by crystal springs, supplying the town of Loa with that blessed boon, good water. Farther south, and on the east side of the valley, is another group of springs, forming a small stream, which the industrious people of Lyman are piping from its mountain home to supply the town with water for household purposes.

All four of these streams are used in summer for irrigation, and when fall comes one may see broad fields of yellow grain nodding in the breeze as a blessing gained partly from the pleasant streams of water.

The valley is eighteen miles long and from half-a-mile to three miles wide.

The pioneers of Fremont Valley were A. J. Allred and Wilson M. Allred, with their families, who arrived here May 1st, 1876. In June, H. J. McClellan and family came to make this their home. September 23rd of the same year William Maxfield and family arrived. Guy Foote and family came the same fall.

Early in the year 1877 six other families came, and in the fall my father, F. W. Young, and others, with their families, settled in the valley.

The first saw mill was put up in 1879 by William W. Morrell, D. G. Brian and Mr. Burbanks.

The people continued to come, and in 1887 three wards had been organized, as follows: Loa, which is now the county seat, in the central part of the valley; Fremont in the northern part, and Thurber, located in the southern part.

In 1892 the Loa ward was divided, the eastern part being organized and named Lyman.

The white inhabitants now number 1050.

E. L. Y.

The Result of Forgetfulness.

It was my turn to tell a story, so the boys said, as we were all assembled in one of the college rooms one afternoon, after our classes were dismissed. As each of them had told a story, I could not refuse. So I said if they would let me tell about one of our fellow-students who was not present on that occasion, I would do so. They did not object, so I told it as follows:

Harold Brown was three years of age when his father died. Harold's father had been the keeper of a small store in D—, and was doing a fair business, when he suddenly died of heart trouble, and left a wife and the small boy Harold. Although Mr. Brown left a few hundred dollars to his wife, it did not last long, and she was soon compelled to move with her son to cheaper quarters. So she came to live in one of my father's houses. By taking in sewing, she was able to support herself and son in her new home. She sent Harold to school, where he seemed to study and make considerable progress. It was her intention to keep him at school as long as she was able, so that he might make some mark in the world when he became a man.

So things progressed, without any particular event, until Harold was in his eleventh year, when he thought that he might be able to work during his vacation from school, and thus help earn his clothes and assist his mother. So he asked his mother one day to try and

get him a situation of some kind, and she said that she would endeavor to do so.

When she came to my father to pay her rent, she asked him if he could give her boy a job of some kind in his bank—to run errands, or something of that kind. My father told her to send the boy around to the bank next morning at eight o'clock.

When Harold's mother told him what my father said, he felt as happy as our victorious football team. He said he would be there on time, and it is needless to say he was there promptly at the appointed hour. My father called him into his private office, and, after exchanging "good morning," said:

"I am glad to see you are here on time; I like punctuality. I cannot give you much of a job just now, but if you stay and prove yourself fit for something better, you shall get it after awhile. For the present, you can help the janitor sweep the floors, clean the windows, etc."

Harold stayed there all through his vacation; he did his duty well, and was always on time. So when school began Harold had earned enough to buy his clothes, besides having helped his mother during the summer.

When he left the bank to go to school my father told him that he could come back to work when school closed again for summer, and he would try to do something better for him. Harold went to school all winter, and in the summer he worked at the bank from June to the 26th of August, giving great satisfaction.

On this day I was to go away to S—F—, to a boarding school. I bade my mother, my little sisters and brothers, good-by, and proceeded to the bank, where I had made arrangements to meet

my father. When I arrived there, the cashier, Mr. Howell, told me that my father had been called off on important business, but he said that he would meet me at the depot.

I stepped into his private office, and I could see that he had left in a hurry, as his desk was open and important papers lay scattered about. I went over to his desk and opened one of the drawers, to get some stamps, as this was where he kept them. The first thing that caught my eye was a ten-dollar greenback. Being a little short of money, I put it in my pocket. Of course, I had no intention of stealing the money, but intended to tell my father about it when I saw him at the depot. I remained at the bank a little longer than I expected to, talking to the men that were working there, and when I looked at my watch I found I had just ten minutes to catch the train. I ran out to the street just in time to shake hands with Harold as he came back from dinner, and catch a car that was going to the depot.

I arrived there just two minutes before the train went off. I met my father, but in my excitement I forgot to tell him about the money I had taken from his desk. I stepped on the train as it was going.

I was soon speeding on my way, feeling happy and having a good time, little dreaming that I was causing anybody a great deal of trouble and sorrow.

When Harold went to the bank after dinner, Mr. Howell sent him to straighten up things in the private office. Soon after my father had returned to the bank, he missed the money. He went to Mr. Howell and asked him who had been in the private office. He told him no one but Harold

and myself. Then my father at once put the blame on Harold.

The poor boy cried, and said again and again that he was innocent, but my father could not see it in that light; so he had to go. Harold went home and told his mother that he had been accused of stealing ten dollars, and was discharged. When his mother heard this, she asked him to tell her if he was innocent or not. He answered her in the affirmative. Then she said:

"We have nothing to fear, for honesty will gain in the long run."

When school opened for the winter Harold was not able to go, as soon after he left the bank his mother took sick, and she was not able to work. So Harold had to try to find some work. At last he got a job at selling papers on the streets. It was a cold and miserable job, but he could get nothing better. So he kept on, and, although his wages were small, they assisted his mother materially.

* * * * *

I had been almost a year in S—F—, and as the holidays had come, I decided to return home and spend vacation. I arrived in D— sooner than I was expected. I wrote and told my father that I would be home on the morning of the 24th of December; but I afterwards found that that would be impossible, as there was no train on the 24th, and I would either have to come on the 23rd or 25th; so I chose the former.

It was a cold, miserable night; the wind was blowing, and the snow flying, so that I almost wished I had not come so soon, as no one was at the depot to meet me. I buttoned my overcoat, and put my hat on tight, and started to walk home. As I went along and saw the poor boys on the streets, sweeping the roads, selling papers, etc., I could

not help pitying them for having to be out on a night like that. I did not for a moment think that I was causing one boy to be out selling papers, but such was the case. I was hurrying along, thinking how pleased they would all be to see me, and how glad all would be that I was home, when a boy called out "*Evening News?*" I said "No," and he was gone. His voice seemed familiar, so I looked around to see who it was, and it was no one but Harold himself. I was about to call him, when I remembered that my father had told me in a letter not to write to Harold, so I considered that I would not speak to him now, but wait until I had found out what was the matter.

When I got home it is needless to say my folks were surprised, as they did not expect me so soon. After I had taken off my things, I had to tell them how I had been getting along at my school, how I liked my teachers and my new schoolmates. We sat up late that evening talking about different things. My time and thoughts kept so busy that I never thought of Harold till the morning before Christmas, when I and my father were sitting in the parlor talking about financial matters. Father mentioned Harold's name in some way—I do not remember in what connection.

I cannot tell you how I felt when my father told me the cause of Harold's dismissal. I almost shed tears when I thought of how that poor boy had suffered through my carelessness.

"Father," I said; "it was I who took that money, and not Harold."

At first father seemed to discredit my story, but I soon convinced him that I was telling the truth.

He then felt sorry for having blamed the boy, and he determined to recompense Harold for the injustice he had

done him; so he decided to send over and tell Harold's mother that we wished her and her son to come over to our house and spend Christmas evening with us, and then he would let them know what he would do to right the wrong he had done them. It was I who went down and brought them to our home. When I told them that my father would like them to come over and spend the evening, they did not know what to think of it; but they came, and had dinner, and spent the evening pleasantly. I had a long talk with Harold, and he readily forgave me for my forgetfulness.

Before they left that night my father told Harold that if he wished he could go back to school with me, and when he was fit he would give him a good situation in the bank, and while he was to school his mother could live in our house free of rent. The offer was accepted with thanks.

A few minutes after this Mrs. Brown called Harold to her side and asked him if he remembered what she told him the day he left the bank. He said, "Yes; and it has sure enough come true."

He has often repeated those words to me. They are these: "Honesty will gain in the long run."

Now I have finished my story, do you wonder that I always try to remember little things as well as larger ones? and you will not wonder why Roy Burton and Harold Brown are such close friends.

Parley P. Jensen.

THE habit of lying, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of malice or interest; like all habits, it spreads and grows of itself.

FIDO'S NEW PLAYFELLOW.

Fido is a family pet, who has a very nice basket, lined with soft cloth, to sleep in, wears a pretty red ribbon bow tied in his collar for ornament, and never was treated unkindly in his life.

One day the cook left a basket of lobsters on the kitchen table, and ran into the yard to attend to her clothes that were hanging out to dry. Suddenly she heard the most woeful cries issuing from the house, and imagining many

a frantic shake to dislodge the savage lobster that had fastened hold of it with its claws.

He had probably heard the creatures moving about in the basket, and thinking to have some fun had pulled it from the table.

It is plain to see he had a great deal more fun than he bargained for. He never forgot the episode, however, and for a year afterwards would lift his paw and assume a most mournful expression



horrible things, she rushed indoors to see what could be the cause of such cries as she heard.

Poor little Fido, with tears actually running down his face, and every tooth in the lower jaw plainly showing, was seated in the middle of the floor, holding one of her front paws beseechingly toward her, every few minutes giving it

whenever the word 'lobster' was said in his presence.

A FRENCH PUZZLE.—Take away my first letter; take away my second letter; take away my third letter; take away all my letters, and I remain what I was before—the postman.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.)

SISTER RICHARDS' relatives did not care to own her since she joined the "awful Mormons," as the Saints were called; and when her husband died it appeared that she was forsaken entirely. But she still trusted in the Lord, and felt that although He had permitted her to suffer the affliction that came upon her He would not forget her.

She still had hopes that some day she and her little boy would go to Zion, although she did not know how such a thing could be made possible.

She managed to get something to do in the way of washing and sewing for other families living in the neighborhood. In this way she managed to keep herself and child from want, and from being compelled to beg. For this she was very thankful.

The young widow struggled along in this way for nearly a year after her husband's death. One day the same kind Elder who had brought the gospel to her called upon her and asked if she would like to go to Utah.

"O yes," she replied, "but I expect I shall have to wait a long time yet before I will be able to go."

She had been unable to earn enough money by washing and sewing to do more than get food for herself and her little one. The clothing she had when her husband died had lasted her so far, but she did not know how she would get new clothing when those she had were worn out. But the experience she was passing through taught her to trust in the Lord, so she did not feel very much concerned about her future wants as her present needs were supplied.

The Elder informed her he had been released from his missionary labors to return home, and that he had made

arrangements to get her passage paid from the emigration fund. The money to pay her way would be loaned to her and she could pay it back after she reached Utah and had some opportunity to earn the means. Sister Richards and her husband had been very kind to the missionary, and he was anxious to do what he could in return for the kindness shown him.

The company of Saints with which the missionary expected to travel would leave Liverpool, the port from which the ship would sail, in two weeks, so there was not much time to prepare for the journey. It did not take long for the woman to decide about going; and she did not need much time to prepare, as she had no great possessions to dispose of nor to pack up and take with her.

When the time came for her to leave her home she was all ready. She had never before been very far from her native town, but it was no great trial for her to bid farewell to the land of her birth, although she never expected to see it again. Her relatives did not care for her since she embraced the gospel, as they all were ashamed to own her, as a relative. Her dearest friends were the few Saints living in the little branch of the Church to which she belonged. Already some of them had departed for America, and those who were left were earnestly looking forward for an opportunity to follow at an early day. A few were going with the same company with which she expected to travel. All her greatest and dearest hopes were upon going to Zion, where she could associate with the Saints of the Lord, and where her little son, the only treasure she had on earth, might grow up to be a useful member in the kingdom of God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

O, MY FATHER. (Set to a New Melody.)

Solo with Vocal Accompaniment.

WORDS BY E. R. S. SMITH.

MUSIC BY C. J. THOMAS.

INTRODUCTION 1ST TIME ONLY.

Andante Affettuoso.

The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 9/8 time signature. The left hand is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Andante Affettuoso'.

SOLO.

1. O, my Fath - er, Thou that dwellest In the high and glorious
2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on
3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Through Thy Spir - it from on
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this mor - tal

TREBLE.

pp ALTO.

1. O, my Father, Thou that dwellest In the high and
2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me
3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Through Thy Spir - it
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this


TENOR.

pp BASS.

This section contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second part of the song. It features three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The lyrics are as follows:

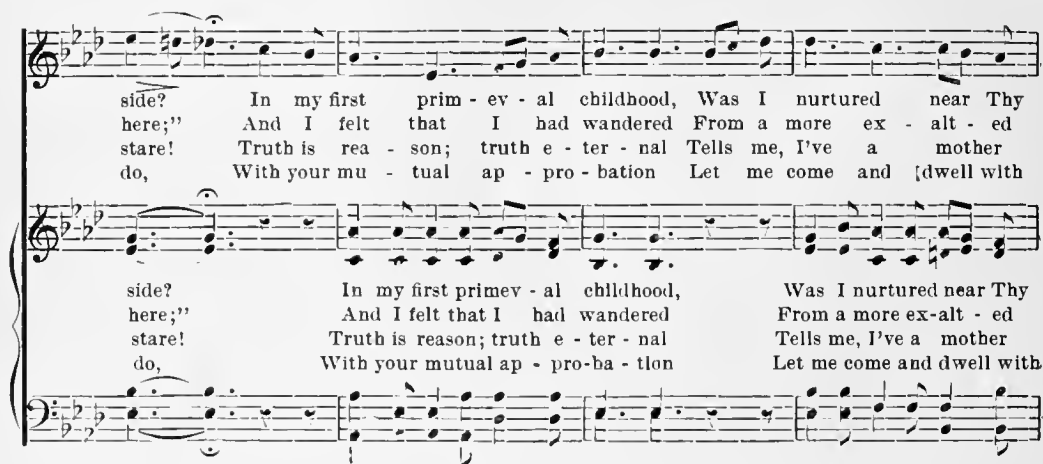
place! When shall I re - gain Thy presence, And again be - hold Thy face?
earth, And withheld the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my form - er friends and birth.
high; But, until the Key of Knowledge Was restored I knew not why.
by, Father, Moth - er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

glorious place! When shall I re - gain Thy presence, And again be - hold Thy face?
here on earth, And withheld the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my former friends and birth.
from on high; But, until the Key of Knowledge was restored I knew not why.
mortal by, Father, Mother, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?



In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re-
 Yet oft - times a se - cret something Whispered, "You're a stranger
 In the heav'ns, are parents sin - gle? No; the thought makes reason
 Then, at length, when I've com - plet - ed All you sent me forth to

In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spirit once re-
 Yet oftentimes a se - cret something Whispered "Your a stranger
 In the heav'ns, are parents sin - gle? No; the thought makes reason
 Then at length when I've complet - ed All you sent me forth to



side? In my first prim - ev - al childhood, Was I nurtured near Thy
 here;" And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex - alt - ed
 stare! Truth is rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me, I've a mother
 do, With your mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with

side? In my first primev - al chldhood, Was I nurtured near Thy
 here;" And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex-alt - ed
 stare! Truth is reason; truth e - ter - nal Tells me, I've a mother
 do, With your mutual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with



Rall. side? Was I nurtured near thy side?
 sphere, From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
 there, Tells me I've a mother there,
 you, Let me come and dwell with you.

Dal segno *f*

Rall. side? Was I nurtured near Thy side, was near Thy side.
 spere, From a more ex - alt-ed sphere, ex - alt - ed sphere.
 there, Tells me Iy'e a mother there, a moth - er there,
 you, Let me come and dwell with you, and dwell with you.

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